

Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 23.

Boston, March, 1891.

No. 10.



This beautiful picture of cattle, from a painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, we are kindly permitted by D. Lothrop Company, of Boston, to take from their excellent publication, "*Pansy*."

371,000 + 400,000 = 771,000.

Last month we announced that we had printed 226,000 copies of "*Black Beauty*," by far the largest number ever issued of any book in America within the same time from publication. We have now the pleasure of saying that we are printing an additional forty-five thousand, and have contracted with a firm in New York city to furnish them 100,000 copies as soon as we can print them, and they wish the privilege of ordering on the same terms 400,000 more. On this large contract we do not make a single dollar, but have the satisfaction of knowing that another 100,000 and possibly half a million copies will be widely distributed to move the hearts of human beings to greater kindness to dumb animals.

**"GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD AND
PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY
CREATURE."**

It is related that when Ethan Allen, in our American Revolutionary War, attempted, with a few hundred Green Mountain boys, to capture Montreal, and was himself captured and carried a prisoner of war to England, King George III. offered him the governorship of the State of Vermont if he would become a loyal subject of Great Britain,—and this is said to have been his reply: "Your Majesty's offer reminds me of another high personage who took our Lord and Saviour up into a high mountain and offered Him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory thereof if He would fall down and worship him, but the poor devil did n't own a foot of it."

The English publishers of "*Black Beauty*" paid, as we have been informed, the good woman who wrote it, just twenty pounds (one hundred dollars) for the book.

They never, so far as we are informed, have had the book translated into any other language, but have

rested satisfied with the upwards of 100,000 copies which in thirteen years they have sold in England to persons who could afford to buy them, with perhaps a few stray copies in America and elsewhere.

When a good lady in New York city sent us, last spring, without comment, one of these copies, we at once saw the tremendous influence which its *wide circulation in cheap form* might exert for the benefit of the dumb animals of America, and as soon as we finished reading it, ordered at once, in behalf of our "American Humane Education Society," a first edition of 10,000 copies.

Hardly had we started before came from the English publishers a letter asking what we proposed to pay them for the use of *their property*.

We did not answer them as Ethan Allen did George III., though we might properly have done so, but we did answer in effect that our money was subscribed for humane purposes; that we proposed to give the book an immense advertisement and sale at the *lowest possible price*, in America, which would largely increase its sale in British countries where their copyright held good, and that if we attempted to pay a royalty we should be at once driven out of the markets by publishers, who, taking advantage of what we had expended and done, and paying no royalty, would drop out all information relating to our "American Humane Education Society's" work and substitute their business advertisements.

But, though we could not pay a royalty in America, we offered them a liberal sum for the right to give away in Spain and Italy ten thousand copies translated into Spanish and Italian, and have cheap editions put on sale in Spanish-speaking countries.

They refused to sell us any rights whatever, and, as an English correspondent informs us, also refuse to put on sale a cheap edition in their own country.

Now, under these circumstances, what is our duty? "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." And that is precisely what we intend to do.

The birds of the air and the beasts of the field and the cattle on a thousand hills are His, and we propose, so long as God gives us power to work, and inspires human hearts to give us means to work with, to carry the gospel of kindness, written in the pages of this wonderful book, to every nation and tongue.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

EXCEPT THE BIBLE.

Black Beauty is doing a world of good, and bids fair to outsell all other books that have ever been published except the Bible.—*Topeka, Kansas, News, Jan. 31.*

THE "HOME AND FARM" OF PHILADELPHIA.

We are pleased to find in this excellent paper, which sometimes circulates 200,000 copies a month, the following:—

It is pleasant to call the attention of parents and teachers to a really good book—that can be had in paper covers, postage paid, for about ten cents per copy. Let all the children of HOME AND FARM have the story called "*Black Beauty*," published by the American Humane Education Society. Send for it to George T. Angell, President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

We are sure no one will regret having a copy in the house, and do not know anything so good for young people to read that can be had for so small a sum as the price asked for this book. Let us buy it and lend it, and let those of us who can—give away many copies. Let us read it aloud to as many of the children of our acquaintance as possible. It is a touching and helpful story for old and young—an admirable book.

THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

(From *Atlanta Journal*, Feb. 3, 1891.)

A Protestant "of the most straitest sect," it was with a vivid interest that I entered St. Joseph's Infirmary the other day, and talked with the sisters of that beautiful work of theirs—the loving ministry to the sick. And as I followed my gentle guide through halls and up stairways of immaculate neatness into dainty bedrooms bright with sunlight; even up into the picturesque little chapel where, in the stillness, one or two black-robed figures were bowed in prayer, my admiration for the systematic management of the work was tinged with a reverential awe at the spirit of consecration which seemed to pervade it all.

I could but feel that the man sick and homeless was indeed fortunate to find such an asylum; for to have that cool, quiet touch on fevered brow; that pure, gentle face bending o'er the sick bed—would surely do much toward restoring to a normal tone the racked nerves of a diseased body.

It is a beautiful life, that of those "Sisters of Mercy"—a life that touches closely both the human and divine.

And I know of no more glorious epitaph for any of us when our life work is done than the eulogy so beautifully embodied in that eloquent phrase—"A Sister of Mercy!"

WE 'UNS.

A mountaineer and his wife had come down out of the mountains of Kentucky to go to some new location in Tennessee. They had a little jag of household goods, and both were dressed poorly. After he had paid the freight on his goods he lacked a few shillings of having enough to pay their fare. I heard them talking it over as they sat on a baggage truck on the platform.

"We 'uns will hev to go back," I reckon," said the man. "But we 'uns can't go back," she replied. "We 'uns has sold out and hev no place to go to."

"But what kin we 'uns do?"

"Heven't we 'uns got money 'nuff?"

"No."

"And they 'uns won't take us?"

"No."

"And we 'uns is in a fix?"

"Sartin."

"But the Lord is down yere as well as up 'n the hills, ain't he?" she asked.

"He mought be, but the chances seem agin it."

"But I'll go out among the cotton bales and find a spot to pray. The Lord never did desert His own."

"You mought try it," he said doubtfully.

I had told three or four of the boys, and we chipped in \$5 and handed it to the man, and he had the money in hand when the woman returned.

"Did you pray?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Fur how much?"

"A dollar."

"And the Lord has dun sent us five."

"Then we 'uns is no longer in a fix?"

"Yere it is, and our troubles are over. Tillie, we 'uns orter hev cum down yere twenty years ago. Up thar when we 'uns axed the Lord for a dollar we 'uns sometimes got two bits out of it. Down yere when we 'uns ax fur the same He piles it on ten times over, and doan't even want to know whar we cum from or which church we belong to!"—*New York Sun.*

PIGEONS BUILD A NEST OVER AN ALTAR.

Since Friday two pigeons have been engaged in making a nest for the winter above the altar of the Immaculate Conception church. Sunday, the pastor, the Rev. P. McHale, preached for the first time since he returned from his visit to Rome, Paris, and other European cities, and gave the papal benediction to the congregation. During the service the fluttering of the pigeons attracted the attention of the entire congregation, and in the parish it has been a subject of conversation ever since. One of the pigeons is white, with black spots, and the other is of a grayish color. It is supposed they found their way into the church through the choir windows, which, unlike the other windows, are not provided with screens. The pigeons thus far have not made themselves annoying to the priests or congregation.—*Baltimore Sun.*

HE STUDIED THE OWL.

Some of your readers might like to know of a new way to study owls. Some friends went out shooting a day or two ago. One shot at and wounded the wing of a big Virginia horned owl. He was advised to kill the bird, but would not do so. He was going to study the bird alive, so he put the big bird down behind him in the blind.

Soon a duck came flying along, and he stooped so low in shooting he sat on the owl. The owl, not liking this way of being studied, fastened its claws into his back and refused all attempts to make it let go, and the more they tried to get him off the harder he pinched, and from the howling of the man it would appear as if the owl was studying the man instead of the man studying the owl.

The bird had to be killed before he would let go, and although it may be some time before this man can sit down, he knows more about owls than he did.—*Forest and Stream.*

FOUR GENTLEMEN.

A few months after my marriage I was sent through Lincoln county, New Mexico, to survey some mineral lands for a railroad company. My wife wanted to go with me. It was a camp-out expedition and a case of roughing it, and no mistake. I finally consented, and we set out with an ambulance, cooking outfit, etc., across the plains, 150 miles from any railroad and into the heart of the wilderness.

One day a terrific rain set in and continued all the next night. In the storm I lost my bearings and wandered until 8 o'clock at night, when I saw a light. I drove toward it, and came to a small miner's cabin. I got down, knocked at the door and was admitted. I stated my case and asked for shelter.

"Come right in, stranger, and welcome," was my answer.

I glanced around the one room and saw four roughly dressed miners. The room had no floor, and only an open fireplace, over which their frugal meals were cooked. A few necessary articles completed the entire furniture of the cabin. "My wife is with me," I said, "and is out in the wagon now." "Here, boys, bundle out o' this and help the stranger in with his things. Be lively, now," said the spokesman, pulling off his hat and squaring things about.

"They helped us in with our goods, got a roaring fire to going, and then forming in line near the leader, said: 'Ye'r kindly welcome, mum. We ain't got much to offer, but yer can take the ranch.' And in spite of all we could say they took their rubber coverings and blankets and filed out of the cabin and stayed out all night. Nor would they take any compensation in the morning."

WHITTIER'S BIRTHDAY.

It was the sage of Danvers' eightieth birthday, and while he was receiving a group of literary dignitaries in his cosy parlor, I was having a delightful chat with his charming 18 year old niece, Phoebe, in the library.

Phoebe's love for the domestic pets is only second to that for her uncle, and it was with intense pride that she exhibited the great black cat, whom she christened *Rip Van Winkle* in Joe Jefferson's honor, and the mocking bird whose songs in many keys are scarcely less tuneful than those of the gray-bearded Quaker.

The cat and the bird are in perfect accord, and, together with the magnificent Newfoundland, who is always at Mr. Whittier's side, form, as Phoebe says, "a perfectly happy family of three."

THE SNOW.

"What a splendid thick blanket!" And Bobbie rubbed his hands gleefully. "I don't see any blanket," said matter-of-fact Johnnie, slowly joining Bobbie at his post by the window.

"Don't you, though? Have you forgotten so soon what papa said last night about snow keeping the earth warm, so the tender trees and shrubs wouldn't get killed in winter?"

"Yes; and don't you know papa said how good and kind God is to take such nice care of them?" asked sister Annie.

"Then I believe I've just thought of another reason why God made the snow," chimed in Alice.

"Why?" asked Bobbie.

"Oh, I think he made it partly for us boys and girls—we get such lots of fun out of it, making snow-men and sliding and skating."

"Pooh!" said Bobbie.

"I don't care; I think so," persisted Alice.

"So do I," said papa, who came in just then.

"Do you really?" asked Bobbie in surprise.

"Yes. If God cares for the little sparrows, so that not one falls to the ground without His notice, and if His care over us is so great that He numbers the hairs of our heads, don't you think that when He made the beautiful snow He thought of the little children and the pleasure they would get from it?"

The children generally thought papa must be right. And when, an hour afterwards, a tall snow-man slowly grew up in the yard, under the children's hands, we think they were all the happier from the thought that one use of the bright snow was to give them health and pleasure.—*The Angelus.*

HE WAS AN INDIAN.

A good friend in Stockbridge, Mass., writes us this:—
Rev. —, of South Dakota, gave us last evening an address on the Indians, and told us this story at his own expense.

He is glad to have me offer it to you for publication, but prefers that his name should not appear.

Rev. —, of South Dakota, was asked to receive an Indian boy into his family for a few weeks.

The minister consented to try the lad, and keep him if he did not prove to be too much of a savage. As a great treat Mr. — offered the boy a gun for a day's hunting on the prairie.

The Indian quietly said: "*Me belong to Band of Mercy. Me not shoot birds or animals, only rattlesnakes.*"

The minister had been very fond of using that gun, but says he does not care much for it now.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over nine thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over five hundred thousand members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges mean "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to all."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also, *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed, or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "Band," and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the President:—

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

3. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

4. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

5. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday-school teachers should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

A Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



BOTH HAPPY.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

"The wind is risin' hard and fast,
Just hear the sleet come down,
We're goin' to have an awful night,"
Said good old Farmer Brown.
"Throw on another backlog, Sam,
We'll have a roarin' fire.
Come, get your knittin', mother,
And draw your chair up nigher.
On such a winter's night as this,
How comfortable to know
We have a roof to shelter us
From all the frost and snow.
We do not half appreciate
These blessings from the Lord.
To think that, while He shelters us,
Some human souls abroad
Without a home, or friends, or food,
Or place to lay their head.
I'm thankful none of mine are out.
Come, boys, 't is time for bed."

The boys each got his candle out,
The old brass clock struck nine.
Just then a scratch came at the door,
A low and piteous whine
Fell on the ear of Farmer Brown,
Who opened wide the door
And saw a half-starved, homeless dog;
A shivering dog—no more.
"Git out," the good man roared in rage,
"You need n't hang 'round here,
We hain't got any use for dogs
At this time of the year.
And if we had, I do not think
'T would be the wisest plan
To take a starving cur. Why, he'd
Eat more'n the hired man.
Beside, I know he ain't a dog
That anybody'd want.
I never seed a useful dog
That looked so thin and gaunt.
And people don't turn out good dogs
That's worth their weight in salt,
And if he starve or freeze to death
I'm sure 't is his own fault."

I shan't take him in, that's flat
And plain," quoth Farmer Brown.
"He'd eat us out of house and home,
And have us on the town.
Come, boys, to bed, 't is half-past nine.
Move on, don't stand like logs,
The poor need all we have to spare,
I've none to waste on dogs."

"Father," spoke Jim, the youngest son,
His mother's pride and joy,
"Don't you think a dog can feel,
The same 's a man or boy?
Don't you think he's just as cold
As you or I could be?
And hungry, too. Just think, dear pa,
How awful it must be.
You would not turn a fellow-man
Away a night like this.
Why turn away a helpless dog?
He pleaded with a kiss.
"The God who made and blest us,
You've been telling of to-night,
He also made the dog that comes
In such a sorry plight.
The dog can suffer just the same,
Of hunger and pain, I know.
Though he is dumb whatever comes,
And cannot tell his woe.
And as God blesses us, and gives
Abundance to our store,
Don't let us leave the 'least of His'
To perish at our door."

"Well, well," the farmer gruffly said,
"Do as you think is right.
Call in the dog; give him a bone;
He can sleep on the rug to-night.
Now, go to bed, 't is ten o'clock,
We're sitting up all night."

The friendless dog had found a home.
They kept him till he died.
He always clung to little Jim,
Was over by his side.
He seemed to know the boy had been
His friend in time of need,
And strove to show his gratitude
In every look and deed.

CORA M. W. GREENLEAF.
Norway, Oxford County, Me.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, March, 1891.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk Street.

We are glad to report this month *two hundred and eleven new branches* of our "*Parent Band of Mercy*," making a total of *nine thousand six hundred and nineteen*.

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper for a *public library, reading room, or the public room of a large hotel*, can send us seventeen cents in postage stamps to pay postage and will receive the volume.

Persons wishing "*Our Dumb Animals*" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies of back numbers.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "*Our Dumb Animals*" one year for twenty-five cents.

Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every fifty cent subscription.

Our *American Humane Education Society* sends this paper each month to *all the editors of America, north of Mexico*.

\$1000 IN PRIZES.

THE BLEEDING OF CALVES BEFORE KILLING.
VERY WHITE VEAL.

Every doctor knows, and everybody else ought to know, that *very white veal* is made so by the cruel bleeding of calves [sometimes several times] before they are killed, so that there shall be very little blood left in them, and that this very white veal, by this process, is made indigestible, unwholesome, and sometimes poisonous.

As much of this meat comes from outside the State, where we have no jurisdiction, the abuse can only be effectively stopped by all buyers refusing to buy this *unnaturally white meat*.

But to stop it in Massachusetts I hereby offer fifty prizes of \$20 each for evidence by which we shall convict any person in Massachusetts of this illegal and cruel practice.

GEO. T. ANGELL,
President of the *American Humane Education Society*, the *Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*, and the *Parent American Band of Mercy*, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

PRIZE ESSAYS, &c.

The decision in regard to prizes offered by our "*American Humane Education Society*" for best essays and letters on *transportation, slaughtering, treatment of cattle on the plains, and effects of cruelty to animals on public health*, we expect to announce in April paper.

The decision in regard to vivisection and anti-vivisection essays we hope to announce in May.

VIVISECTION AND ANTI-VIVISECTION ESSAYS.

We are happy to say that *Philip G. Peabody, Esq.*, of Boston, has been appointed by "*The American Anti-Vivisection Society*" a committee to decide to which of the essays opposing vivisection we shall pay the prize of \$250 offered by our "*American Humane Education Society*," and—

Dr. Henry P. Bowditch, dean of "*The Harvard University Medical School*;" *Dr. William F. Whitney*, secretary and acting dean of its anatomical museum, and *Dr. Samuel J. Mixer*, its demonstrator of anatomy, have been appointed by the faculty of the Harvard Medical School a committee to decide to which of the prize essays in favor of vivisection we shall pay the other prize of \$250. Probably no abler committees could have been found in America.

OUR MISSIONARY IN ARKANSAS AND TEXAS.

Our missionary, Mr. Hubbard, in addition to lots of other good work, formed in January 247 new "*Bands of Mercy*."

When we remember that each of these "*Bands*" receives from us a complete outfit of humane literature and this paper for one year, to be read by and to the many thousands of children who compose these Bands, we can form some estimate of the good now being done by one missionary of our "*American Humane Education Society*" in the above-named States.

OUR MISSIONARY IN MASSACHUSETTS.

We are glad to say that Miss Mary P. Lord is doing good work in addressing audiences in Massachusetts in the interest of our humane work.

We are glad to say that the one dollar illustrated library edition of "*Black Beauty*," published by D. Lothrop Co., and sold by us at 75 cents, payable strictly in advance, is having a large sale.

THE MUZZLING OF DOGS.

The Bill presented and urged upon the Massachusetts Legislature this winter *required every dog in the State to be muzzled or tied when off his owner's premises*.

At the beginning, we understand, several of the committee were against us.

At the close of the *three days' hearing*, we understand, the committee were unanimous against the law.

We are much indebted to Hon. Henry B. Hill, W. E. L. Dillaway, Esq., and many gentlemen from different parts of the State, for most efficient aid in defeating this Bill.

DOCKING HORSES \$100.

I hereby offer, in behalf of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a prize of \$100 for evidence by which the Society shall convict any person in Boston or vicinity of the *life mutilation* of any horse by the practice called docking.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

Our friends must not think we are getting rich on selling "*Black Beauty*" at *six and twelve cents*.

We have paid for this book already thousands of dollars more than we have received from its sales.

PRICES OF "BLACK BEAUTY"

The prices are, for *Board and Terra Cotta editions*, 12 cents at our offices, 20 cents when sent by mail; "*Old Gold*" edition (same type), 6 cents at our offices, or 10 cents sent by mail.

We are now having it translated into Spanish, Italian, German, French, and Volapük.

CATS.

If there are in Boston or vicinity persons who thoroughly understand, and can treat diseased cats, we should be glad to have them send their cards to our offices.

(From "*Now and Then*.")

"GOD BLESS THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY."

The American Humane Education Society was incorporated as a national association just two years ago this March. Its object is indicated on the official seal in these words: "*Glory to God, Peace on Earth, Kindness, Justice, and Mercy to Every Living Creature*." Its aim is to carry humane education into all schools and homes over the whole American continent and throughout the world, and by means of proper education finally to abolish all forms of oppression and cruelty to the lower races, and thereby to elevate the higher races.

We have for some years had peace societies, and societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, but *this is believed to be really the first society of its kind in the history of the world*. No society on earth, it is claimed, has ever been organized on so wide a basis, or with greater care, or with more safeguards for the effective expenditure of money in the cause of humane education, and for humane advancement. All persons who love mercy, justice, and fair play for both man and beast, and who take a hopeful view of the future of the human family, will be pleased to look upon this as still another proof that the world, taken all in all, is moving in the right direction, and that a far better day is coming.

After reading "*Black Beauty*"—truly a most charming and masterly book—we can say with all our heart and mind, *God bless the American Humane Education Society*.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

In 1884 I published a volume of 230 pages of autobiographical sketches and writings, which was sent to many of my friends. I have recently continued these sketches up to 1891, and shall be happy to send a copy of the supplement to any one wishing it.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FREE FROM ASTHMA.

To the many kind friends who have sent us prescriptions for the cure of spasmodic asthma, we take pleasure in saying that for nearly a month up to this writing we have not been troubled with that disease. About the first of January we had an attack of the "*Grippe*" in the form of "*tonsillitis*," with other symptoms, and during three days and nights had no sleep. During this attack, and since, we have had no asthma. Whether we owe this to the "*Grippe*" or to the good wishes of kind friends, or to the cotton batting moistened with sweet oil which we have kept constantly, day and night, on our chest, or to a simple tonic ordered by our physician, we cannot say, but we are glad to say for the benefit of others similarly troubled that up to this writing, for more than a month, we have been free from asthma.

PHILADELPHIA.

We have received report of the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for 1890, showing receipts to the amount of about \$40,000, and much good work. From the interesting history of the society given, it appears that this was the second society formed in the United States, though the Massachusetts Society was the second in date of incorporation.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

We are pleased to receive on this February 9th an order for 525 copies of "*Black Beauty*," to be used in the public schools of Cleveland, with notice that another order will soon follow.

DOGS AND OTHER THINGS AT THE STATE HOUSE.

In addition to two other hearings we have recently had, upon petition before our legislature, that *finis* in all cases prosecuted by us shall be paid to our society, which has already received the approval of the Judiciary Committees of both Senate and House, and upon our petition for the protection of horses mutilated by docking, we have during the past week had our annual *three days' battle* before the joint Committee on Agriculture of Senate and House, to protect our dogs from proposed laws requiring all the dogs of the State to be muzzled or tied whenever off their owners' premises.

As bearing on this subject, for the benefit of all lovers of dogs in and outside of Massachusetts, we publish the following able editorial, cut from "*The New York Tribune*:"—

DOGS AND THEIR HABITAT.

There is a pathetic dog story in Mr. Stanley's book. He took with him from the Congo to the Nyanza a fox-terrier. Randy bore the fatigue of the terrible march through the tropical forests remarkably well. He assisted in foraging for game, and on one occasion distinguished himself by capturing a fine guinea-fowl when the officers were on the lowest possible rations. He was the pet of the expedition. When Mr. Stanley left Fort Bodo to return westward to the Congo in search of the rear column, he left the dog behind him with the garrison. Poor Randy could not understand that he had been mercifully spared the fatigue of a journey of a thousand miles. He only knew that he had been separated from his master. From the hour of Mr. Stanley's departure he moped and persistently refused food. The attentions of the officers were inadequate compensation for the loss of his master. He could not be coaxed to eat anything, however savory. He pined and languished, and on the third day died of a broken heart.

That is a tale which serves to prove that dogs are worth the risk of an occasional hydrophobia scare. From their intelligence, fidelity, and development of affections hardly distinguishable from human feeling, dogs were designed to be trusted companions of merciful and sympathetic men; but so strong is the force of unreasoning prejudice and of morbid fear of one of the rarest of diseases, that one-half of the community, even in a humane and civilized country, always seems impatient to take up arms against them. Two or three times in the course of a year the journals of this town contain accounts of what are widely heralded as fatal cases of genuine hydrophobia. Even if the diagnosis of medical experts in these cases be accurate and scientific—and this is a most elastic concession to credulity—the percentage for a centre of population of over 3,500,000 served by the local press is so low as to demonstrate that the disease is phenomenally rare, and that there is no ground for public panic on the subject. Yet, whenever one of these exceedingly infrequent cases occurs, the newspapers bristle with letters from timorous men and nervous women demanding a general slaughter of house and street dogs and accusing those who harbor and make pets of the poor brutes of criminal indifference to human life. These unusual cases are famous advertisements for specialists of the Pasteur school, for under the influence of public excitement slight wounds, instead of being washed with salt water and vinegar and at once put out of mind, as a wise woman suggested in a letter to the "*Tribune*" a few days ago, are scientifically treated and recorded as so-called "hydrophobia cures."

If the enemies of dogs are unreasonable in

their prejudices and morbid apprehensions, so also are the friends of the faithful and companionable brutes in their ignorance and infatuation respecting the requirements of nature and habitat. There is a popular theory that a dog, because he is a companion of man, can live and thrive wherever his master may be. This is surely a mistake. A dog's habitat is where he can get the exercise and liberty which nature designed him to have. A dog that is shut up in a city house or cellar and restricted to the range of a tiny back-yard—and in a flat denied even that meagre privilege—is not in his natural habitat. An airing *under chain and with muzzle* for a half-hour on the sidewalk does not answer the requirements of his being. There are thousands of city dogs petted and overfed by indulgent masters that are mercilessly treated in this respect. They belong in the suburbs and the open country, and not in the overcrowded and strictly policed town. Their masters would resent the insinuation that they are anything but kind and merciful in their treatment of their pets, but it is essentially cruel and merciless to take a dog out of his habitat. This indifference to the poor brute's welfare is almost wanton when it involves his imprisonment in a flat where there is no range even of a back-yard. *Every dog, and especially an overfed dog, needs grass.* It is nature's medicine instinctively taken. Those who deprive their pets, not only of liberty, exercise, but also of their wholesome medicine, may seem to be kind and indulgent, but they are either ignorant or unreasonable.

ASHES ON THE SLIPPERY STREETS.

Passing down Park Street this morning we found the upper part so slippery with ice that horses could hardly stand. So we dropped in on our friends, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and stated the case, and in a few moments they had the ice covered with ashes.

THE HUMANE ADVOCATE.

We are pleased to receive No. 1 of Vol. I. of the above paper, published by "*The Wisconsin Humane Society*." We think every State society should have its organ. May this one grow until it becomes a great power for good over the whole State of Wisconsin.

BLACK BEAUTY IN TEXAS.

We are glad to know by letter from our Mr. Hubbard, at Fort Worth, Texas, that "*Black Beauty*" is being used as a reading book in the schools there.

TEACHERS.

We are glad to know by various letters from different parts of the country that teachers are having "*Black Beauty*" read in their schools.

FROM NAPLES, ITALY.

[EXTRACT FROM LETTER.]

NAPLES, ITALY, January 14, 1891.

DEAR MR. ANGELL: Standing near the doorway of the royal palace, the winter residence of the crown prince of Naples, was a man with a small puppy shivering at his feet, for the day was a cold one for this latitude. The man and puppy were both in the sunshine, but still there was not heat enough to warm the dog, and he commenced to tell his master, by a faint cry, that he was getting cold. Then he cried a little louder, when the man, looking down and seeing him shivering, picked him up, tucked him under his coat as snugly as he could, and jumped on a passing car. I should have said that when the little dog was picked up he showed his gratitude by putting his paw to his master's chin to stroke it. As man and dog went off, the man looked better for his kindness, as certainly the dog felt better. *I am glad to record one kind act in this cruel city.* In my next letter I may describe the way these Italians treat their horses and donkeys. W. L. K.

Rev. Samuel May, of Leicester, Mass., sends us the following extract from a Virginia letter received by him:—"The three copies of *Black Beauty*—how welcome they are for our regular Sunday-school reading. Our largest boy, W—B—, has got so interested that he asked to buy the copy I had lent him to read at home. Another has been circulating for miles among other readers, and, in fact, both our black and white neighbors are fascinated with the book, and beg to borrow it. Miss S— gave me half a dozen copies of the six cent edition; so we have a class, and all listen, even the smallest."

"I may add that I sent, months ago, a copy to every one of our town schools, and have had, from all who have had opportunity to communicate, expressions of great admiration of the book, which they think a real help in their schools."



HON. SAMUEL C. COBB.

It is with feelings of profound sorrow that it becomes our painful duty to record the death, on February 18th, of our vice-president, brother director, and personal friend, the Hon. Samuel C. Cobb, of this city, one of Nature's noblemen, a man, like Bayard of old, *without fear and without reproach.*

In his various relations, as one of the best mayors Boston ever had—as president of the Society of the Cincinnati, which he inherited from his grandfather, who was one of General Washington's aids in the war of the Revolution—in all the great financial and business interests and charitable and other societies with which he has been identified, he has won the respect and esteem of thousands of his fellow-citizens, and the love and admiration of a wide circle of personal friends.

We are profoundly grateful for the good he has done.

Our kindest sympathies go out to his beloved wife, in whose bereavement we share, and the only bright cloud in which is our assurance that our loss is his eternal gain.

By kind permission of the "*Boston Herald*," we are permitted to present to many of our readers who loved him, the strong, kind face of our departed friend.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

God has a definite life-plan for every human person, girding him, visibly or invisibly, for some exact thing, which it will be the true significance and glory of his life to have accomplished. HORACE BUSHNELL.

God is our Father. Heaven is His high throne, and this earth is His footstool. While we sit around or meditate, or pray, one by one, as we fall asleep, He lifts us into His bosom, and our waking is inside the gates of an everlasting world. WM. MOUNTFORD.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors: Amid these earthly damps What seem to us but sad funereal tapers May be heaven's distant lamps.

THE INFLUENCE OF OUR SOCIETY
AND BLACK BEAUTY.

A friend sends us this from *Boston Courier*:—
Never until I lived on Beacon Hill did I realize what a hard place this city is for horses.—Oh! the struggles of these poor animals to get up Chestnut, Mt. Vernon, Pinckney, Bowdoin, and other streets sloping to the west. Fortunately those streets still more steep than the last named, those running to Cambridge Street, are not so frequented by carriages. It was a happy accident which prevented this part of the West End from being fashionable, as "West Ends" proverbially are.

But what I wish particularly to speak of is the beautiful exhibition I daily witness from my window of the affinity between the coachman and his horses or the carter and his horses. It would do the president and all the members of that society for the prevention, etc., good to witness the kind and tender little love scenes that are played between the two animals, man and horse, every day in these baffling streets.

Instead of the whip and the coarse "Go 'long!" and the brutal twitch which we have sometimes seen, the man jumps off his seat and tenderly leads the struggling animal up the hill, or, if he is heavily loaded, he pushes the wagon behind and assists the wheels and makes all as easy as he can for the poor beast to whom Boston is not a happy valley. For the sake of horses I wish that coal-bins might hold more and that they might be filled up in the good weather to last through the winter; but it seems as if when the streets and those westerly hills are in their very worst condition that then everybody has to have coal put in, and the struggle to get it up the hill is something distressing to witness.

The herdic horses are many of them poor, hungry-looking creatures, but as a general thing the drivers are kindly affectioned to them, and I was very much pleased with one who, the other night, waiting in the storm for two hours outside a neighbor's door, would now and again go to his horse's head and pat him and say pleasant words to him, arousing in the heart a sort of sympathy which seemed to say: "It is hard and patient waiting for the folks behind the pane there, who are warm, with fire and light and wine and wit; hey, pony?" That we are a softened people is shown in the more tender way we regard the horse.

Chestnut street, Feb. 12, 1891.

(From *Cadiz, Ohio, "Republican."*)

DEPARTED.

Died, December 1, 1890, one who was a model in his day. Amiable and honorable in the highest degree, he was never known to speak ill of any one, and it is safe to say that he had not an enemy among all the people of his acquaintance. Although not always in accord with the notions of those around him, he was never dogmatical, but aimed at being courteous to all. In his home he was the most obliging and tender of friends, ready to sacrifice and willing to serve.

He cared nothing for public life, but rather held it in contempt. He had no disappointed ambitions. Diogenes himself was not better satisfied. He envied no man, and no man envied him. He never lacked a comfort or suffered a want in his life. Therefore he was rich. He was perfectly resigned to live, but he died. And the strange part of his story is, that there was no wrangling among heirs after his death, no jealousy or breaking of friendship, and no actual or threatened litigation over his estate.

He was a dog.

DOGS AS LIFE SAVERS.

To the Editor of the Transcript: Your correspondent, "P," tells of seven human lives lost through the dogs of Massachusetts. Let me tell the other side. I know a Newfoundland dog that has saved two children from drowning; a terrier that probably saved some, if not all, of a family of five from death by fire; a bulldog that saved a lady from being gored by a cow; a Gordon that has twice saved the house from being entered by burglars, that captured a clothes-line thief in mid-day, that saved his little mistress from an attack by another dog, and that has been a terror to the tramps who pass through our section. Several times has this same Gordon caused men to change their tone when asking favors at some house in the neighborhood. Once this dog saved his master from assault by a crowd of roughs. Of all the above, only one, to my knowledge, was noticed in the papers of Boston. Of the debits and credits, certainly the balance is not against the dog. C.

A DOG SAVES SIX LIVES.

CHICAGO, Jan. 6.—Six lives were saved yesterday by a Newfoundland dog. Fire broke out in the saloon owned by Frank E. Koppek, at Hancock Avenue and Cortland Street, about 3 o'clock. Six persons were sleeping in the rooms above the saloon. The flames shot through the roof of a shed in the rear near where the dog was. The heat aroused him, he barked, and finally aroused his master, and then dragged him from the bed toward a window. Koppek jumped through the window, brought an axe and ladder, and rescued his wife. The other occupants were rescued by the firemen who answered Koppek's alarm. The brave dog sank exhausted into the flames.—*Independent, Harrisburg, Pa., Jan. 6, 1891.*

In St. Petersburg a high medical authority and professor has for years past injected a fluid under the skin of his patients, to rejuvenate old people, and with fair results. Every injection cost \$20, and thus the wonderful man accumulated millions. He did not hesitate, before court, to give the names of his patients, members of the highest aristocracy. His injection fluid was distilled water. Oh, faith cure!

THRILLING RESCUE.

A LITTLE FELLOW SCARCELY LARGER THAN A
PEANUT SAVED AFTER FALLING FROM
HIS LOFTY NEST.

(From the "New York Herald.")

In an old-fashioned, disused chimney, in a little grocery in Brooklyn, a family of mice made their appearance the other day. Their nest was on a ledge midway up the flue. It was composed of shavings and bits of straw.

Nobody in the store was aware of the presence of the mice until one day a little pink fellow, evidently only a few hours old, tumbled over the edge of the nest and fell to the floor. Evidently he did not mean to.

It was not much larger than a peanut, but was unhurt by the fall. In a few moments the people in the store were treated to the spectacle of a thrilling rescue.

Scarcely had the wee stranger reached the floor than its mother appeared. She seized her offspring by the back of its neck with her teeth and tried to climb up the jagged sides of the chimney with it.

But she had hardly proceeded a yard before the weight told upon her strength and the baby fell from her grasp to the floor. Three times she repeated the attempt and three times she failed. At last she ran away, and the spectators believed she had abandoned the luckless youngster to his fate. But this was not the case, for in a few moments she returned with another mouse, evidently the father of the family. He clutched the little thing by the neck, while the mother made fast to its tail, and then slowly but surely they struggled upward toward the nest. It was a difficult task, but after five minutes' labor it was successfully performed and the animals disappeared from view.

A heartless onlooker suggested that it would be a good idea to exterminate the family, but sympathetic people were in the majority, and the unfeeling proposition was promptly voted down.

MR. MOUSE.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

So trim and slim and gracefully thin,
With gray fur leggings as tight as his skin,
With gray fur mittens just to his mind,
And a little gray tail hanging down behind.

So trim and slim and gracefully thin,
With a little gray vest buttoned under his chin,
With a gray fur coat nicely trimmed and lined,
And a nice little tail hanging down behind.

There's a rap and a tap, a scuffle and din,
A tap and a rap, but he can't get in,
Though he taps and taps and begs on his knees
For a crumb of cake and a morsel of cheese.

For a crumb of cake, if never so small,
For his three wee babies behind the wall,
In three gray suits all trimmed and lined,
And three little tails hanging down behind.

A LITTLE GIRL'S COMPLIMENT.

The accuracy with which children judge character is well illustrated in the following anecdote:—

One wet, foggy, muddy day, a little girl was standing on one side of the street, in London, waiting for an opportunity to cross over. Those who have seen London streets on such a day, with their wet and mud, and have watched the rush of cabs, hansoms, omnibuses, and carriages, will not wonder that a little girl should be afraid to try to make her way through such a Babel as that. So she walked up and down, and looked into the faces of those who passed by. Some looked careless, some harsh, some were in haste; and she did not find the one she sought until at length an aged man, rather tall and spare, and of grave yet kindly aspect, came walking down the street. Looking in his face, she seemed to see in him the one for whom she had been waiting, and she went up to him and whispered timidly, "Please, sir, will you help me over?"

The old man saw the little girl safely across the street; and when he afterwards told the story he said: "That little girl's trust is one of the greatest compliments I ever had in my life."

That man was the great and good Lord Shaftesbury. He received honors at the hands of a mighty nation; he was complimented with the freedom of the greatest city on the globe; he received the honors conferred by royalty; but the greatest compliment he ever had in his life was when that little unknown girl singled him out in the jostling crowd of a London street, and dared to trust him, stranger though he was, to protect and assist her.

"It is a beautiful ring, my dear; what did you give for it?" asked Mary. "Myself," replied Lillian.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

We gladly publish the following, contributed by the Rev. R. F. Gordon, of Boston:—

JABAL.

In time long past, when men on earth were few,
Lived Lamech, who was then a man well known.
His household, where he dwelt among the chief,
And he a chief among the people there.
So, being in his life thus prominent,
The things concerning him concerned them all.
And thus one day was gladly told around,
"Joy! for to Lamech has been born a son."

His name was Jabal. From his early years
He loved to wander forth among the fields;
Or in the forest's depths, or rocky gorge,
To search for hidden haunts of bird or beast,
That he might be observant of their ways;
He was a climber of the mountain's height,
His eye far-reaching vision could command,
And he was swift of foot like light-hoofed roe.

Pleasant it is across the pasture fields
To see the quiet groups of cattle browse,
Or sheltered by the trees from fervid heat,
Pleasant to see the valleys and the hills
With herbage covered, dotted thickly o'er
With flocks of fleecy sheep, while by their dams
The lambs repose, or sportive skip around.

This was delight to Jabal, and in time
Both flocks and herds were his. They were his pride,
He tended them with patient watchfulness,
Sought carefully where pasturing was best,
Where welcome springs and wells did most abound;
He gave the feeble weaklings ready aid,
And, meeting wayward ways with gentleness,
He quickly won obedience to his rule.

The sheep and cattle knew him for a friend.
This was expressed in language not of words,
But in their joy when Jabal by them stood,
With cheerful voice and kindly-stroking hand;
They followed where he led, and, at his word,
Were quiet in alarm, and they would come
To be infolded safely for the night.

The flocks and herds of Jabal had increase,
So he made frequent change from place to place
To find a fresh supply for needs of all;
He, with his helpers, dwelling in their tents;
Their simple lives passed pleasantly away,
And, as they camped in neat, well-ordered form,
The animated droves and busy men
Gave added charm to the surrounding scene.

His course of life to Jabal brought content,
With quietude by angry strife unvexed,
And as from day to day he felt the claims
Of dumb dependent creatures in his care,
Supreme above the instinct they possessed,
He knew the kingliness of human thought;
He was the head to plan with foresight wise,
And thus he learned the dignity of man.

So Jabal lived an unobtrusive life,
But potent in its influence for good.
He faithful followed on where duty led,
And being loving he was thus beloved;
All ye who have dumb animals in charge,
Know that the strongest power to win is love.
Be kind, be merciful, and emulate
What now is told of Jabal, Lamech's son.

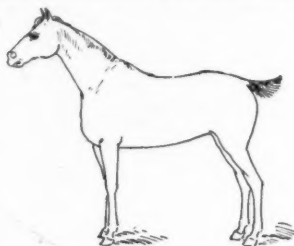
R. F. GORDON.

HOW THE FOX ESCAPED.

A good story is related at the expense of a well-known business man of Little Rock. His hunting proclivities are well known, and he has the reputation of being so skilful in this line that seldom, if ever, does anything escape when he gets on its trail. Last Saturday, however, he was defeated in a most provoking fashion. He saddled up his steed and took up a trail that led to the southwest from the city. A short distance away he started a handsome fox. Away the animal flew, with Martin in close pursuit. He seemed to be unlucky, for no matter how fast he rode the fox always kept just out of reach. The race lasted some hours, during which the sly little animal doubled and redoubled his track. At last the fox showed signs of fatigue, and Martin began to smile at thought of the satisfaction he would get. But, alas, they struck a herd of hogs, and just as Martin was preparing to "close in," the fox sprang on the back of a long-legged porker—one of the kind that can outrun a race-horse. The hog raised his snout, gave a frightened grunt, and away he flew. Martin stopped, completely spellbound with amazement. The fox held his seat like a circus rider, while the further the hog got away the faster he seemed to go. Martin watched the strange pair till they disappeared in a brush patch and then returned to Little Rock. He related the strange occurrence to a number of "intimate friends," and from them it became known throughout the city.

THE FASHIONABLE CUT.

(Kindly Loaned by the Boston Herald.)



DOCKING.

(From "Boston Pilot," February 21, 1891.)

President Angell, of the Massachusetts S. P. C. T. A., calls the docking of horses' tails a "foolish and cruel practice," but so long as fashion sanctions the custom there will always be cruel fools to employ it, at least until the law makes the owner of a mutilated animal personally responsible, and holds the fact of the mutilation to be sufficient evidence for conviction.

PETITION NOW BEFORE THE MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts:

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals respectfully prays that the following law may be enacted for the protection of mutilated horses, and for a hearing upon the same.

Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, by
GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

AN ACT FOR THE PROTECTION OF HORSES MUTILATED BY DOCKING.

Be it enacted:

SECTION FIRST.—It shall be the duty of any and all owners, drivers, and persons having custody and charge of horses which have been mutilated by docking, to provide such horses, during the months of June, July, August, and September of each year, a covering of thin cloth or close netting, sufficient to protect such horses from the attacks of flies and other insects.

SECTION SECOND.—Any owner, driver, or person having the charge or custody of any such horse who shall, during the months of June, July, August, or September, drive or ride, or cause to be driven or ridden, or shall unnecessarily permit to remain standing in stable or elsewhere any such mutilated horse without such covering as a protection against flies and other insects, shall be punished by fine not less than ten dollars and not exceeding one hundred dollars for every such offence.

SECTION THIRD.—It shall be the duty of all sheriffs, deputy-sheriffs, constables, and police officers to prosecute all violations of the provisions of this act which come to their notice, and fines collected upon, or resulting from the complaint or information of any officer or agent of the "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," shall be paid over to said Society in aid of its humane work.

The experience of the past two years has convinced me that it is absolutely impossible to stop the docking of horses in Massachusetts unless the above addition to our law is enacted.

Rich men who wish to dock their horses do not care a fig for the fines.

They know we cannot get evidence to convict, because no person is permitted to be present when a horse is docked, who

could be induced for a thousand dollars to go into court and testify.

If the above act is passed no person can ride or drive a docked horse in June, July, August, or September without cloth or net covering, or permit him to stand anywhere without such covering—and that, I think, will end, so far as Massachusetts is concerned, this foolish and cruel practice.

GEO. T. ANGELL,
President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk St., Boston.

[On February 12th, in company with Vice-President and Director Hon. Henry B. Hill, we had a hearing on the above petition before a joint committee of Senate and House, and we believe that this just and righteous act will become a law of Massachusetts.]

What Prof. Gleason said in New York City on Docking.

Prof. Gleason, the great horse-tamer, like all true horse-lovers, thinks the horse as made by the Creator is about as perfect in form as it is possible to make him. At one of his exhibitions a plump, muscular horse was turned into the ring. It was a pretty animal, all but the tail, which had been bobbed off after the style so much affected by brainless dandies. Pointing his finger pityingly at the animal, the professor said: "There is as pretty an animal of his class as can be found—if he was all there. I hope that there will come a time when the legislature of the State of New York, and, for that matter, of every State in the Union, will pass a law making it a penal offence for any one to disfigure his horse in this most brutal way. It pleases, perhaps, about a couple of hundred Anglomaniacs who drive in Central Park, and displeases the humane and patriotic sentiment of 60,000,000 of the American people."

An English lady recently told me that even those who drive docked horses in England, [where the climate in summer is cool, and they are free from mosquitoes and other troublesome insects common in this country,] thought docking unjustifiable in America.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE DOCKING OF HORSES.

The following from the *Boston Daily Evening Transcript*, of May 1, 1889, tells how this cruel practice is regarded by eighty-two of our Boston ladies occupying the highest social positions:

A POWERFUL PROTEST

is that of several score of leading ladies of Boston, published to-day, against the fashionable "docking" of horses' tails. It will make that hideous atrocity unfashionable, at least in this city. For we take it for granted that these ladies will neither themselves use horses mutilated by this illegal practice nor patronize those stable-keepers who allow or countenance it in any way. Boston women have accomplished social reforms of importance before this, but none more wholesome than one which compels decent regard for the rights of the noble horse, man's most useful

friend among the animals. Where cruelty goes unthought of, there every crime will flourish. That "docking" is a cruelty is evident when one reflects that the parts amputated are supplied with skin, muscles, nerves, blood-vessels, ligaments, bones—in fact, the same structure as one's limb—and the same pathologic condition which would exist in a man's arm or leg that is cut into can exist in a horse's tail. Admit that it is a short operation (so is cutting off a man's leg, which has been done in forty-five seconds), the consequences to the horse are life-long, and when in aged and run-down condition and in poor hands—and stylish nags come to that all the sooner for docking—most lamentable.

DOCKING HORSES' TAILS.

A Remarkable Protest of Boston Ladies Against the Cruel Practice, which appeared in Boston Daily Papers, May 1 and 2, 1889.

The undersigned ladies protest against the present practice of docking the tails of horses, as a painful and cruel operation, as a mutilation of the animal for life, and as a fashion devoid of grace and beauty.

Mrs. Robt. Treat Paine.	Miss Sarah C. Paine.
Mrs. Bryant.	Mrs. Francis Brooks.
Mrs. Martin Brimmer.	Mrs. John Lowell.
Mrs. John Bigelow.	Mrs. Rotch.
Mrs. Amos A. Lawrence.	Mrs. Fields.
Mrs. O. W. Peabody.	Mrs. C. F. Paine.
Mrs. J. T. Cushing.	Mrs. J. Collins Warren.
Mrs. Charles W. Eliot.	Mrs. Wharton.
Mrs. Mary Hemenway.	Miss Eliza C. Winthrop.
Miss Anna C. Lowell.	Mrs. Geo. Baty Blake.
Mrs. G. H. Shaw.	Miss Lucy A. Folger.
Mrs. Algernon Coolidge.	Mrs. George J. Fiske.
Mrs. P. H. Sears.	Mrs. R. D. Smith.
Mrs. Chas. P. Putnam.	Mrs. Frederic Cunningham, Jr.
Mrs. Wm. F. Cary.	Mrs. Wm. P. Lyman.
Miss M. M. Hunt.	Mrs. James Jackson.
Mrs. Appleton.	Mrs. Walter Dabney.
Mrs. Walter C. Cabot.	Mrs. Mary B. Clafin.
Mrs. Francis P. Sprague.	Mrs. Russell.
Mrs. Edward Cunningham.	Mrs. Richard Codman.
Mrs. Robert G. Shaw.	Mrs. Francis Allen.
Mrs. Louis Agassiz.	Mrs. Henry Whitman.
Mrs. F. W. Sargent.	Mrs. Samuel C. Cobb.
Mrs. Augustus Hemenway, Jr.	Mrs. Parkinson.
Mrs. F. R. Sears, Jr.	Mrs. Richard Warren.
Mrs. Arthur T. Lyman.	Mrs. Dr. Brown.
Mrs. A. S. Wheeler.	Mrs. David W. Cheever.
Mrs. G. A. Hilton.	Miss M. P. Sears.
Mrs. Dwight.	Miss S. D. Gore.
Miss Lyman.	Miss A. M. Storer.
Miss Wharton.	Miss Lily Bangs.
Miss Annie P. Loring.	Miss Marianne Paine.
Miss Dodge.	Miss Lily Ward.
Miss Alice Russell.	Miss A. L. Sears.
Miss Goddard.	Miss M. G. Storer.
Miss Elizabeth C. Putnam.	Miss A. F. Reynolds.
Miss Edith Rotch.	Mrs. Chas. G. Loring.
Miss Miriam P. Loring.	Miss Clara T. Endicott.
Miss A. Morrill.	Miss Sarah B. Fay.
	Mrs. Charles H. Dorr.
	Mrs. George W. Wales.
	Miss Helen Loring.

THE EMOTIONAL LIFE OF A HORSE.

The emotional life of a horse is remarkable. There are instances on record where the death of the horse has been traced directly to grief. One instance is called to mind, which occurred more than twenty years ago. A circus had been

performing in the little town of Unionville, Pa., when one of the trained horses sprained one of his legs so that he could not travel. He was taken to the hotel and put in a box stall. The leg was bandaged, and he was made as comfortable as possible. He ate his food and was apparently contented until about midnight, when the circus began moving out of town. Then he became restless and tramped and whined. As the caravan moved past the hotel he seemed to realize that he was being deserted, and his anxiety and distress became pitiful. He would stand with his ears pricked in an attitude of intense listening, and then as his ear caught the sounds of the retiring wagons he would rush, as best he could with his injured leg, from one side of the stall to the other, pushing at the door with his nose and making every effort to escape. The stableman, who was a stranger to him, tried to soothe him, but to no purpose. He would not be comforted. Long after all sounds of the circus had ceased his agitation continued. The sweat poured from him in streams and he quivered in every part of the body. Finally the stableman went to the house, woke up the proprietor and told him he believed the horse would die if some of the circus horses were not brought back to keep him company. At about daylight the proprietor mounted a horse and rode after the circus. He overtook it ten or twelve miles away, and the groom who had had charge of the injured horse returned with him. When they reached the stable the horse was dead. The stableman said that he remained for nearly an hour perfectly still and with every sense apparently strained to the utmost tension, and then, without making a sign, fell and died with scarcely a struggle. The veterinary who was called remarked after the circumstances were told him that unquestionably the horse died from grief. *If it is possible for all the mental faculties of the horse to become abandoned to grief to such an extent as to cause death, how much more does he appeal to the sympathy and regard of mankind.*—Kentucky Stock Farm.

A BISHOP'S HORSE.

In the *Shattuck Cadet* the story of a bishop's horse is told by Bishop Whipple to the boys of Shattuck Hall, Faribault, as follows:—

When I was elected bishop [of Minnesota] the State was still staggering under the panic of 1857. There was not a mile of railway. Our shipments of wheat, then very small, were by steamers on the Mississippi. We had a daily mail from Hastings, and twice each week one from St. Paul and Owatonna. I have been a week travelling from La Crosse to Faribault, and two days to St. Paul. A kind friend gave me a noble horse named "BASHAW," own cousin to the famous "Patchen." He was a kingly fellow, and had every sign of noble birth: a slim, delicate head, prominent eyes, small, active ears, large nostrils, full chest, thin gambrels, heavy cords, neat flocks, and black as coal. He was my friend and companion in nearly forty thousand miles travel, always full of spirit and yet gentle as a girl. I never struck him but once, and that was to save his life and mine on the brink of a precipice; and when saved the tears filled my eyes. *He knew how I loved him, and he loved me as well as horse ever loved his master.* He never forgot any place where he had ever been, and many a time he has saved our lives when lost on the prairie.

In summer heat and winter storm he kept every appointment, and it was done by heroic effort. It was no easy task to travel in winter over prairies without a house for twenty miles. I recall time after time when we were lost. I left New Ulm for the Lower Sioux Agency when the thermometer was 36° below zero at noon; there was an ugly, freckled sky and long rifts of clouds. I remembered the adage, "Mackerel backs and colts' tails, lofty ships take in sails." For seven miles there were houses in the distance, and then it was twenty miles across the prairie without a house.

We were in for it; our motto was, "No step backward." In about an hour we came to

a place where the snow had been blown away; it was stubble, no sign of a road. *I was lost.* I turned the horses back to follow my sleigh track; the wind had obliterated it. I knew points of compass almost as well as an Indian. We started in the direction of the agency. The country was full of little coolies, and soon I had both horses down in snow-drifts. After great efforts we got back on the prairie.

Night had come on, not a star, the wind howling like wolves. I knelt down and said my prayers, wrapped myself in buffalo robes, threw the reins on the dashboard, and prepared to let the horses walk where they would until daylight. About midnight old Bashaw stopped so suddenly it threw me onto the dashboard. I jumped from the sleigh, and found an Indian trail which looked like a snake under the snow. I knew one end of it was at the agency, but which, I knew not. We followed the trail until we saw a light. Never did a horse neigh more joyously as he sprang toward it; we were saved. Dear old fellow! as I put him in his stall he nipped me with his lip, with a marvellous look out of those grand eyes, as much as to say, "Master, all's well."

The stage drivers of Burbank & Co.'s coaches knew, admired, and loved him. The honest, kindly fellows were my best friends, and, I believe, thought me a better preacher for Bashaw's sake.

You will not blame me for my tribute of love to this dumb servant of God. I am half tempted to tell you of some speculations which have come to the wisest and best of men as to the immortality of these sentient beasts. John Wesley, Bishop Butler, and a host of others believed it. One of the most charming lectures I ever read was written by Judge Wilder to prove it. Revelation was given for men who have sinned, to bring them back to God their Father, not to tell us of the future of the brute creation. Memory is the faculty which blends our lives into a harmonious whole and carries with it the proof of a future life. A horse has it for all purposes, and can use it as much as we. *The fact that there are wrongs which are never righted here, is a strong presumptive proof of another world where they are redressed.* The brute shares in the evils which come from man's wandering from God. Just as man falls into the power of the devil and mars God's image, the poor brute suffers; and just as that image is restored, love, goodness, and mercy overflow on the brute creation.

Pardon my telling you so much of my dear old friend, who was, for more than twenty years, my missionary companion, and without whom I could not have done my Master's work.

H. B. WHIPPLE.

CREDITABLE TO THE SWEDES.

Councilman George F. Swain, who recently returned from a visit abroad, makes the following statement: "I spent some time in Sweden and noticed many peculiarities among the people. I never heard a Swede swear, use harsh or profane language, abuse a beast of burden, or show a spark of cruelty in any form." As an example of the remarkable tenderness of the Swedes of to-day, he relates an incident related to him by Gen. Thomas, the American Minister at Stockholm. Gen. Thomas, while out riding one day, met a peasant going to the woods with a porcupine in a basket. Upon being questioned, the peasant said he found the animal stranded on the road, and fearing that some one would harm it he was taking it to the woods. — *Passaic, N. J., City Record.*

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

This splendid publication is doing a noble work in advocating the cause of those that cannot speak for themselves. — *Philadelphia Evening Item, Jan. 7, 1891.*

"Our Dumb Animals" is one of the brightest publications that comes to our table, and we peruse it with as much interest as though we were yet in childhood. — *Palmyra Bee, Jan. 2, 1891.*



From "Horse Stories," etc., published by Cassell Co., New York City.

We find the following in "Horse Stories," etc., by Col. Thomas Knox, published by "Cassell Publishing Company," New York city. It is taken from "The New Orleans Picayune":—

"In July the steamer 'Golden Rule' arrived here from Cincinnati. A little common gray cat lived on the boat, that had been left at Bayou Sara by accident. She had stepped on the wharf-boat and had not returned in time. The officers on the 'Golden Rule' felt sorry to lose her, for she had left three little kittens behind, who missed their mother sadly. But, to the surprise of all, the next boat that arrived down brought puss as a passenger or stowaway. She remained on board in her new quarters till near midnight, then made her way to the 'Golden Rule.' The watchman saw her come on board and witnessed the happy meeting between the kittens and their mother. I was a passenger on the boat as she returned to Cincinnati that trip, and puss was quite a heroine, but, alas, the temptations to visit wharf-boats was so strong that she got left behind again, somewhere on the Indiana side of the Ohio, I have forgotten the town. Real grief was manifested by her friends when they missed her; they thought she was lost to them forever. On their arrival at Cincinnati, the steward left the boat, and the kittens disappeared with him. Three or four days afterward the 'Ariadne' arrived from below, and the gray pussy came up on her. *No one knows how she found out that boat was bound up the river instead of down, for other boats had stopped at that place, but only this one going up to Cincinnati.* Puss was soon installed in her old home again, but the kittens were gone, and she was lonesome; so she went out on the wharf-boat and found a poor forlorn kitten nearly as large as herself. This she carried in her mouth up into the cabin of the 'Golden Rule' and placed it on a chair, and insisted that it should be noticed and caressed, nor would she eat until it was supplied, and she had it with her last winter." — *New Orleans Picayune.*

ONE OF OUR SPECIMEN LETTERS.

San Francisco, Feb. 17, 1891.

Geo. T. Angell, Esq.

Dear Sir:—On the 12th inst. I asked you to send me 1000 copies "Black Beauty," which I hope are already well on the way, as I am greatly in need of them.

Our society has introduced them into the Public Schools, and the demand has become so great that I want another thousand.

Please ship with all possible dispatch, Sunset Route. Yours truly,

Dutton & Partridge.

PROOFS OF THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

In a musical instrument, when we observe divers strings meet in harmony, we conclude that some skilful musician tuned them. When we see thousands of men in a field, marshalled under several colors, all yielding exact obedience, we infer that there is a general whose commands they are all subject to. In a watch, when we take notice of great and small wheels, all so fitted as to concur to an orderly motion, we acknowledge the skill of an artificer. When we come into a printing-house, and see a great number of different letters so ordered as to make a book, the consideration hereof maketh it evident that there is a compositor, by whose art they were brought into such a frame. When we behold a fair building, we conclude it had an architect; a stately ship, well rigged, and safely conducted to the port, that it hath a pilot. So here: the visible world is such an instrument; army, watch, book, building, ship, as undeniably argueth a God, who was and is the tuner, general, and artificer, the composer, architect, and pilot of it.

And so, when we survey the bare outworks of this our globe; when we see so vast a body accoutred with so noble a furniture of air, light, and gravity; with everything, in short, that is necessary to the preservation and security of the globe itself, or that conduceth to the life, health, and happiness, to the propagation and increase of all the prodigious variety of creatures the globe is stocked with; when we see nothing wanting, nothing redundant or frivolous, nothing botching or ill-made, but that everything, even in the very appendages alone, exactly answereth all its ends and occasions—what else can be concluded but that all was made with manifest design, and that all the whole structure is the work of some intelligent Being, some Artist of power and skill equivalent to such a work?

When Napoleon was returning to France from the expedition to Egypt, a group of French officers one evening entered into a discussion concerning the existence of a God. They were on the deck of the vessel that bore them over the Mediterranean Sea. Thoroughly imbued with the infidel and atheistic spirit of the times, they were unanimous in their denial of this truth. It was at length proposed to ask the opinion of Napoleon on the subject, who was standing alone wrapt in silent thought. On hearing the question, "Is there a God?" he raised his hand, and pointing to the starry firmament simply responded, "Gentlemen, *who made all that?*"—*Catholic T. A. News.*

THE LANGUAGE OF ANIMALS.

Every one who has heard a dog or a horse welcome its master with exclamations of joy, or a cat plaintively mewing for its food, ought to believe that animals can talk. The dog has different sounds to express hunger, pain, joy, sorrow, thanks, and fear. Birds have different songs and notes to express their feelings. We recognize their songs of victory and of love, as well as the notes of anger and fear. It is evident that these notes are understood, not only within the limits of one species, but among other birds; for different tribes often make a common cause of joy and battle. Monkeys express their passions, fears, and desires by various cries and gestures. Some of the most uncivilized languages are but little richer than theirs. Abbott tells us that crows have twenty-seven distinct cries or utterances. Many scientists believe that certain sounds made by fishes are for the purpose of expressing their feelings. It is clear to the careful observer that language is universal wherever there is sensation, and all animal life more or less inter-communicative. — *New Orleans Picayune.*

[For Our Dumb Animals.] ROBIN REDBREAST.

When I see the Redbreast Robin,
And his happy song I hear,
Telling us of life that's waking
And that springtime draweth near.
There returns the story olden,
How the robin's breast was dyed,
When the world's great springtime waited,
When the Lord was crucified.
Crown of thorns His head encircled,
Pressing cruelly His brow,
Mockingly the crowd about Him
Saw Him in His anguish bow.
But the little plain brown robin
Pity felt for Him who saith :
"Not a sparrow falleth earthward
But the Father noteth;"
Straight, with wings the swifter speeding
For the pitying love she knew,
On the cruel thorn crown lighted,
Plucked a thorn, then backward flew.
Just a little was it lightened,
That cruel crown the Saviour bore,
And the little Robin Redbreast
Bears the blood-stain evermore.

S. H. B.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

From "The Children of Westminster Abbey," published by D. Lothrop Co., Boston.

RING, HAPPY BELLS.

Ring, happy bells of Easter time!
The world is glad to hear your chime;
Across wide fields of melting snow
The winds of summer softly blow,
And birds and streams repeat the chime
Of Easter time.

Ring, happy bells of Easter time!
The world takes up your chant sublime:
"The Lord is risen?" The night of fear
Has passed away, and heaven draws near;
We breathe the air of that blest chime,
At Easter time.

Ring, happy bells of Easter time!
Our happy hearts give back your chime!
The Lord is risen! We die no more!
He opens wide the heavenly door;
He meets us, while to Him we climb,
At Easter time.

LUCY LARCOM.

HE COMES VICTORIOUS.

Easter bells are ringing
Thro' the world to-day;
Easter carols, blending,
Catch the tuneful lay.

Nature's voice is ringing;
Hear her minstrel throng
From the leafy branches
Pour their grateful song.

Heaven and earth are singing;
Heaven to earth comes near;
Songs of holy rapture
Everywhere we hear.

CHORUS.
He who rules the stormy wave,
He whose arm is strong to save,
Comes victorious from the grave,
Lives, and lives forever.

GRACE J. FRANCIS.

FAITHFUL.

A pathetic incident occurred at the funeral of the late William Fielden. Mr. Fielden had no relatives in this country and his faithful dog was the nearest mourner. When the neighbors gathered to pay their last respects to the deceased they found the dog sitting at the head of the casket, where he was allowed to remain until it was carried to the hearse; the dog walked beside the hearse to the cemetery, some three and one-half miles, and when the casket was taken into the vault he was allowed to follow; after the brief services there he returned to the old home with the neighbors, and has been taken by Thomas Ball, to whom Mr. Fielden gave him before he died. It was stated by those who attended the funeral the dog seemed to realize what was taking place and really exhibited signs of genuine sorrow. — *Morris Chronicle.*

BAINBRIDGE, N. Y., Jan. 24, '91.

MR. GEO. T. ANGELL:
Dear Sir,—I take the liberty of sending you the above, which I believe is worthy a place in "Our Dumb Animals."
Yours respectfully,

ADDISON ELLSWORTH.

RISEN INDEED.

Aye, the lilies are pure in their pallor, the roses are fragrant and sweet,
The music pours out like a sea wave, breaking in praise at His feet,
Pulsing in passionate praises that Jesus has risen again,
But we watch for the signs of His living in the light of the children of men.

Wherever a mantle of pity falls soft on a wound or a woe,
Wherever a peace or a pardon springs up to o'ermaster a foe,
Wherever a soft hand of blessing outreaches to succor a need,
Wherever springs healing for wounding, the Master is risen indeed.

Wherever the soul of a people, arising in courage and might,
Bursts forth from the errors that shrouded its hope in the gloom of the night,
Wherever in sight of God's legions the armies of evil recede,
And truth wins a soul or a kingdom, the Master is risen indeed.

So fling out your banners, brave toilers; bring lilies to altar and shrine;
Ring out, Easter bells; He has risen, for you is the token and sign,
There's a world moving sunward and Godward; ye are called to the front; ye must lead;
Behind are the grave and the darkness; the Master is risen indeed.

— *Lend a Hand.*

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

The following, written for "Our Dumb Animals" by the well-known writer Elizabeth Akers, will be read with interest:—

LEAVING THE BIRDS.

All through the winter-time, for year on year,
In frost or rain, in calm, or driving sleet,
I've called the hungry birds from far and near,
Spreading for them a bounteous banquet here,
And watched to see them eat.

Sparrow and bluebird, redbreast, titmouse, wren,
E'en the shy thrush, the oriole, and the jay;
All birds which linger near the haunts of men,
Came to my rural breakfasts. Must they, then,
Starve when I'm away?

Sometimes a wild bird, driven by bitter need
From the close covert of the neighboring wood,
Where he had sought in vain for fruit or seed
Of leafless shrub, dry grass, or withered weed,
Would come and share their food.

One day a hungry quail, with wild, bright eye
And shy, quick movement, joined the feasting brood;
His timid wings half spread, as if to fly,
He ate with eager haste, then warily
Went back to solitude.

Few souls will miss me from this quiet place,
Where I have known few friends or friendly words;
I shall depart, and leave no lasting trace,
And scarce a human eye will miss my face.
But who will feed my birds?

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead

every child and older person to seize
every opportunity to say a kind
word, or do a kind act that willmake some other human being or
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY.

- 9409 Middlebury, Ind.
Miller Band.
P., W. W. Miller.
- 9410 Ripley, Tenn.
Landerdale Inst. Band.
P., Mary Bullock.
- 9411 Rice Lake, Wis.
Earnest Workers Band.
P., Miss R. Johnson.
- 9412 Colorado Springs, Colo.
Garfield Band.
P., Harriett E. Prichard.
- 9413 St. Louis, Mo.
Memorial Mission Band.
P., Stella Kissinger.
- 9414 Baltimore, Md.
Black Beauty Band.
P., Philip Gray.
- 9415 Denison, Texas.
Public Schools.
Forget-me-not Band.
P., Sophia Pappenhagen.
- 9416 Sweet Violet Band.
P., Irene Walker.
- 9417 Whippoorwill Band.
P., Luella Duncan.
- 9418 Lily of the Valley Band.
P., M. Seymour.
- 9419 Ascension Band.
P., C. M. Allen.
- 9420 Pansy Band.
P., Eliza Sims.
- 9421 Rosebud Band.
P., Minnie Marsh.
- 9422 Busy Bee Band.
P., Mrs. A. C. Wood.
- 9423 Mocking-bird Band.
P., Miss A. C. Lindsay.
- 9424 Buttercups Band.
P., H. Williams.
- 9425 Goldenrod Band.
P., I. Shreves.
- 9426 Lilac Band.
P., Miss Frizzelle.
- 9427 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Miss Edwards.
- 9428 Robin Band.
P., Miss Arnold.
- 9429 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Minnaugh.
- 9430 Canary Band.
P., Miss Jackson.
- 9431 Redbird Band.
P., Stella Close.
- 9432 Whittier Band.
P., Mr. Walton.
- 9433 Lily Band.
P., Mrs. Williams.
- 9434 Jessamine Band.
P., R. M. R. Webb.
- 9435 Martha Washington Band.
P., Miss Dowler.
- 9436 Sunflower Band.
P., Mrs. Malcolm.
- 9437 Washington Band.
P., Miss Noble.
- 9438 Honeyuckle Band.
P., Miss Clifford.
- 9439 Bluebird Band.
P., Cora Hull.
- 9440 C. S. Hubbard Band.
P., Miss Harris.
- 9441 Golden Rule Band.
P., A. H. Terrell.
- 9442 Daisy Band.
P., Mrs. McCracken.
- 9443 Denison, Texas.
Charity Band.
P., Sister Mary.
- 9444 Star of Hope Band.
P., Sister Josephine.
- 9445 Canary Band.
P., H. P. Nelson.
- 9446 Robin Band.
P., Sister Xavier.
- 9447 Sedalia, Mo.
Lily of the Valley Band.
P., Mrs. N. Van Zandt.
- 9448 New Haven, Conn.
Rosa Bonheur Band.
P., Ellen E. Miles.
- 9449 Geneva, Ill.
Black Beauty Band.
P., Miss L. M. Wadsworth.
- 9450 Ash Flat, Ark.
L. T. L. Band.
P., Mrs. S. Alice Cox.
- 9451 Baltimore, Md.
Speedwell Band.
P., Miss E. S. Scott.
- 9452 Honour Band.
P., H. H. Geiselman.
- 9453 Lake Kerr, Fla.
Lake Kerr Band.
P., Mrs. Dr. Lewis.
- 9454 Newtonville, Mass.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Lawrence H. Parker.
- 9455 Kensington, Ill.
Chicago Band.
P., John Mahony.
- 9456 St. Thomas, Ont.
Little Squirrel Band.
P., Eva Stacy.
- 9457 J. J. Kelso Band.
P., Miss Zoland.
- 9458 Baltimore, Md.
Pansy Band.
P., Glendora Le Compte.
- 9459 Kindness Band.
P., Geo. H. Johnson.
- 9460 Burlington, Vt.
Little Helpers Band.
P., Mrs. Wm. E. Hagar.
- 9461 Racine, Kansas.
Racine Band.
P., J. Riley Chase.
- 9462 La Crosse, Wis.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Lydia Berry.
- 9463 Needham, Mass.
Black Beauty Band.
P., Bessie de Lesdernier.
- 9464 Wellesley, Mass.
Sunshine Band.
P., Grace H. Parker.
- 9465 Oakham, Mass.
Oakham Band.
P., Peter O. Rourke.
- 9466 Dallas, Texas.
L. T. L. Band.
Sec. Mary D. Hetherington.
- 9467 New York City.
Comforting Circle Band.
P., Elizabeth L. Robinson.
- 9468 Baltimore, Md.
Willing Workers Band.
P., Mrs. Strebeck.
- 9469 Springfield, Mass.
Liberty Band.
P., Mrs. Schoepf.
- 9470 The Angels Band.
P., H. C. Kettleband.
- 9471 Wellesley, Mass.
Hunnewell Band.
P., Charlotte E. Cameron.
- 9472 Lowell, Mass.
Highland Band.
P., Everett Hadley.
- 9473 Byron, Ill.
Ellis Band.
P., Mary P. Blount.
- 9474 Darien, Conn.
Darien Band.
P., Miss Mary Hayter.
- 9475 Elk Mound, Wis.
Love Band.
P., Abbie E. Massee.
- 9476 Todds Valley, Cal.
Todds Valley Band.
P., Sabra A. Finch.
- 9477 Rock, Kansas.
Lilac Band.
P., Mrs. Janey Sheets.
- 9478 Barnharts Mills, Pa.
Jewel Band.
P., Mrs. R. J. Anderson.
- 9479 Maywood, Ill.
L. T. L. Band.
P., L. T. L. Band.
- 9480 Gloucester, Mass.
East Gloucester Meth. Bd.
P., Wm. L. Cook.
- 9481 Baltimore, Md.
Guardian Angel Band.
P., Carrie Geiselman.
- 9482 St. Thomas, Ont.
St. John's S. S. Band.
P., Miss M. J. Beaumont.
- 9483 Batesburg, S. C.
Folks Academy.
P., Mr. C. Holston.
- 9484 Zionsville, Ind.
L. T. L. Band.
P., Harry Bail.
- 9485 Cookport, Pa.
Nellie Maud Band.
P., B. F. Williams.
- 9486 Gainesville, Texas.
Public Schools.
Touch-me-not Band.
P., Ada Moss.
- 9487 Prairie Flower Band.
P., Miss Batterson.
- 9488 Goldenrod Band.
P., Miss McCleary.
- 9489 Longfellow Band.
P., Ella A. Evans.
- 9490 Band of Hope.
P., Mrs. Blanton.
- 9491 Busy Bee Band.
P., Mrs. Rountra.
- 9492 Rosebud Band.
P., Lulu Stock.
- 9493 Robin Band.
P., Mrs. Bryant.
- 9494 Whittier Band.
P., R. B. Barnes.
- 9495 Cowslip Band.
P., Mrs. McPherson.
- 9496 Canary Band.
P., M. L. Craddock.
- 9497 Lone Star Band.
P., Mrs. M. V. Neel.
- 9498 Pansy Band.
P., Chas. E. Anderson.
- 9499 Water Lily Band.
P., Lulu Shirley.
- 9500 Lilac Band.
P., Dora B. Lontrip.
- 9501 Dandelion Band.
P., Maude Choice.
- 9502 Pink Rose Band.
P., Allie Reagan.
- 9503 Bluebird Band.
P., Rannie Cleaves.
- 9504 Snowbird Band.
P., Minnie Halley.
- 9505 Golden Rule Band.
P., Lizzie Wagenlanclur.
- 9506 Sweet Violet Band.
P., W. B. Romine.
- 9507 Mocking-bird Band.
P., Pauline Trueblood.
- 9508 Redbird Band.
P., Mrs. Ware.
- 9509 Canary Band.
P., A. L. Bliss.
- 9510 Lily Band.
P., Miss Anderson.
- 9511 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Miss Frizzelle.
- 9512 Sherman, Texas.
Public Schools.
Rosebud Band.
P., Emma Pullen.
- 9513 Lily Band.
P., Mamie Ratzel.
- 9514 Canary Band.
P., Mrs. L. B. Wilson.
- 9515 Magnolia Band.
P., Mary Gregg.
- 9516 Sweet Violet Band.
P., Irene Darnall.
- 9517 Orange Blossom Band.
P., Vida Young.
- 9518 Mocking-bird Band.
P., Sallie Dinnitt.
- 9519 Hearts-case Band.
P., Mrs. G. H. Southerland.
- 9520 Longfellow Band.
P., E. R. Darnall.
- 9521 Samuel Houston Band.
P., Mattie Pullen.
- 9522 James Monroe Band.
P., Mrs. A. K. Collins.
- 9523 Mrs. Cleveland Band.
P., Miss Lewis.
- 9524 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Miss Freeman.
- 9525 Mayflower Band.
P., Miss Dulin.
- 9526 Goldenrod Band.
P., Mrs. J. H. Faris.
- 9527 Busy Bee Band.
P., Miss L. Mangum.
- 9528 Pansy Band.
P., Belle H. Wilson.
- 9529 Rose Band.
P., Tena Berry.
- 9530 Daisy Band.
P., M. A. Mangum.
- 9531 Fred Douglas Band.
P., Allen Orr.
- 9532 Lincoln Band.
P., J. W. McKinney.
- 9533 White Rose Band.
P., Mrs. E. Porter.
- 9534 Sherman, Texas.
Le Tellier Academy.
Stonewall Jackson Band.
P., J. H. Le Tellier.
- 9535 Sunshine Band.
P., Bernice Wood.
- 9536 Pansy Band.
P., Martha Huston.
- 9537 C. S. Hubbard Band.
P., Bettie Long.
- 9538 No. Texas Female College.
M. P. Thompson Band.
P., Mrs. Kidd.
- 9539 John Wesley Band.
P., Prof. Powell.
- 9540 W. Wetmark Band.
P., Prof. Riggan.
- 9541 Cleveland Band.
P., Miss Coucher.
- 9542 Daisy Band.
P., Miss Holden.
- 9543 C. S. Hubbard Band.
P., Miss Bilger.
- 9544 Magnolia Band.
P., Miss Rountree.
- 9545 Sherman Female Inst.
Goldenrod Band.
P., J. C. Nash.
- 9546 Rosetta Band.
P., Mrs. L. M. Nash.
- 9547 Walter Scott Band.
P., Miss E. Fowler.
- 9548 Charles Lamb Band.
P., Bessie Cady.
- 9549 Agassiz Band.
P., Miss Claiborn.
- 9550 Wordsworth Band.
P., Miss Hardwick.
- 9551 J. C. Nash Band.
P., Mattie Nash.
- 9552 St. Joseph's Catholic Acad.
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HOW DRUNKARDS
ARE TREATED IN
NORWAY.

The London correspondent of the *American Practitioner and News* says that a well-known medical man, who has recently been in Norway, gives a glowing description of their manner of treating dipsomaniacs. An habitual drunkard in Sweden or Norway is treated as a criminal in this sense, that his inordinate love of strong drink renders him liable to imprisonment; and while in confinement it appears he is cured of his bad propensities on a plan which, though simple enough, is said to produce marvellous effects. From the day the confirmed drunkard is incarcerated, no nourishment is served to him or her but bread and wine. The bread, however, it should be said, cannot be eaten apart from the wine, but is steeped in a bowl of it and left to soak thus an hour or more before the meal is served to the delinquent. The first day the habitual toper takes his food in this shape without the slightest repugnance; the second day he finds it less agreeable to his palate, and very quickly he evinces a positive aversion to it. Generally, the doctor says, eight or ten days of this regimen is more than sufficient to make a man loathe the very sight of wine.

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BLACK PETER.

We take from "The Blessed Birds," recently published by E. E. Fish, a leading ornithologist of Buffalo, N. Y., the following:—

"The people with whom I was staying have a tame crow with a history worth recording. About a year ago the boys got possession of the bird soon after it had left the nest. It was so cunning that they enjoyed playing tricks on it. These were harmless, but the crow resented the indignities, and cut their acquaintance, and betook itself to the boys' father, who is noted for his kindness to all creatures. His new master called his black pet Peter, a name which the recipient readily recognized, and always answered to unless called when he was angry. Peter followed his master about the farm, to the woods, and to the neighbors. He sometimes made excursions about the neighborhood alone, generally returning before dark. Last fall he got caught out in a big snowstorm, and did not, as usual, return at night. As days went by and no news from Peter, the family concluded he had either been killed or had gone off with other crows.

The snow had lain on the ground all winter, and been exceedingly deep, but in March it went off suddenly with a heavy rain. Soon after the ground became bare the master, who was at work in the orchard, saw at a little distance a poor, tired, bedraggled crow walking and hobbling along towards him. A second glance showed it to be Peter, the prodigal. Instantly he had the poor creature on his arm, caressing him as tenderly as though it were a returning truant boy. Peter was beside himself with joy at the meeting, and tried his best to express his affection for his friend. It seemed too bad that he was not fully able to tell his adventures and the cause of his absence, but these, through other sources, were learned afterwards. During that December snowstorm Peter was blown to the ground at Clarence, several miles from his home. A boy caught him, and, not knowing to whom he belonged, clipped short his wings to prevent his flying off. The poor, homesick bird could not walk through the deep snow, neither could he fly, so he waited patiently through the winter till the ground was bare, and then started afoot on his journey. How he found his unknown way so many miles through fields and woods and across roads will remain a mystery. Although again able to fly, he will not venture off the premises, but attaches himself more closely than ever to his old friend."

THE BIRD'S BREAKFAST BELL.

Our pet goldfinch, having escaped from his cage, flew into a tall ailanthus tree in the back yard. There he sat, singing his sweetest and rejoicing in his unexpected freedom. We brought out his gilded cage and set it on the top of a tall step-ladder, leaving the door open, and just inside a cup of tempting hemp seed. For two hours he scorned to look at it, though he often fixed his bright little eyes on us when we called him, and answered us with a cheery defiant "Witza!" We had almost given up hope of ever getting him back, when it occurred to us to ring his breakfast bell; in other words, to rattle up the hemp seed in the tin box where it was kept. This was a sound he understood, as we had long made it a practice thus to announce breakfast to his finchship. Fortunately he had nothing to eat when he flew away, and the well-known sound suggested seed, water, and lettuce to the little empty stomach, so he hopped down slowly from bough to bough, until he was close to the cage. There he stood for some time, evidently hesitating, until suddenly he fluttered down into his home, having decided to abandon the delights of liberty for the solid comforts of civilization.—*American Agriculturist.*

The great high road of human welfare lies along the old highway of steadfast well-doing; and they who are the most persistent, and work in the truest spirit, will invariably be the most successful. Success treads on the heels of every right effort. SMILES.



From "Golden Days," Philadelphia.

HOW THE WORST BOY IN R— BECAME ONE OF THE BEST.

We find in "Golden Days," Philadelphia, with this picture, an interesting story; which, being too long for our columns, we, by kind permission of "Golden Days," condense and publish.

The bad boy *Micky* was a hoodlum and terror to all weaker than himself. Four of the best boys in town determined one cold winter night to put on masks and give him a sound thrashing.

On their way to his house they found his father lying drunk in the snow, freezing. They took up the drunken man and carried him to his home. There they saw such evidences of poverty and misery, that instead of thrashing *Micky* they rushed off and came back with fuel and provisions.

The result was, that kindness accomplished what threats and thrashings never could, and *Micky* became one of the best boys in R. The picture represents the boys carrying the drunken father home, and the story is a striking illustration of the power of kindness and humane education.

WHAT THE SPARROWS SAY.

I am only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
My life is of little value,
But the dear Lord cares for me.
He gave me a coat of feathers;
It is very plain, I know,
With never a speck of crimson,
For it was not made for show.
But it keeps me warm in winter,
And shields me from the rain;
Were it bordered in gold and purple,
Perhaps it would make me vain.
I have no barn nor storehouse,
I neither sow nor reap;
God gives me a sparrow's fortune,
But never a seed to keep.
If my meal is sometimes scanty,
Close picking makes it sweet.
I have always enough to keep me,
And "Life is more than meat."
I know there are many sparrows,
All over the world we are found,
But the Heavenly Father knoweth
When one of us falls to the ground.
Though small we are never forgotten,
Though weak we are never afraid,—
For we know our dear Lord keepeth
The life of the creatures He made.
I fly through the thickest forest;
I light on many a spray;
I have no chart nor compass,
But I never lose my way.
And I fold my wings at twilight,
Wherever I happen to be,
For the Father is always watching,
And no harm can come to me.
I am only a little sparrow,
But I know that wherever I fly,
The Father will guard and watch me.
Have you less faith than I?

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. in January.

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Zoophilist. London, England.
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Baltimore, Md. Twelfth Annual Report of the Society for the Protection of Children. 1890.

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